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Rehearsal Script  
BBC-1 Colour

Prog. Indent No: 1/LDL E127S

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6H

AMENDED 28.9.82

'ENLIGHTENMENT'

by

Barbara Clegg

EPISODE ONE

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MODEL FILMING: TBA

FILMING: 3RD, 4TH & 5TH NOVEMBER, 1982

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: 6TH - 15TH NOVEMBER  
18TH - 29TH NOVEMBER

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: 16th & 17th November

30th November & 1st and 2nd December

TRANSMISSION: 5th in TX order (DATE TBC)

"DOCTOR WHO" - 'ENLIGHTENMENT' - EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
TURLOUGH  
TEGAN  
WHITE GUARDIAN  
BLACK GUARDIAN  
JACKSON  
MARRINER  
STRIKER  
COLLIER

N/S:

CREW MEMBERS  
TWO OFFICERS  
HELMSMAN

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Tardis Console Room  
Corridor

Edwardian Ship Composite:  
Alleyway (with ladder)  
Focsle  
Companionway  
Stateroom  
Wheelhouse  
Hold

\* \* \* \* \*

TELECINE:

MODELS:

Six period ships: Clipper  
Edwardian Racing Yacht  
Ancient Greek Warship  
18th Century Gallion  
Paddle Steamer  
Spanish Galley, complete with oars

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"DOCTOR WHO"

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EPISODE ONE

1. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(A WHITE CHESS  
PIECE IN CLOSE  
UP.

BLACK QUEEN IS  
MOVED TO CHECK IT)

TURLOUGH: (V.O.) Check!  
(cont ...)

(PULL BACK TO SEE  
A CHESS BOARD ON  
THE FLOOR, WITH  
TURLOUGH SQUATTING  
BESIDE IT, LOOKING  
PLEASED WITH  
HIMSELF.

HE GLANCES UP IN  
SUDDEN IMPATIENCE)

TURLOUGH: (cont) I said  
"check".

TEGAN: (CALMLY) I heard you.

(WE PULL BACK  
STILL FURTHER  
TO SEE THAT HE  
IS ON THE FLOOR BY  
THE CONSOLE.

THE DOCTOR'S REAR  
END IS STICKING  
OUT FROM UNDER-  
NEATH IT, AS HE  
FIDDLES IN ITS  
INTERIOR.

TEGAN IS HOLDING  
A TORCH FOR HIM,  
APART FROM A  
LIGHT OVER THE  
CONSOLE, THE  
REST OF THE ROOM  
IS MUCH DIMMER  
THAN USUAL)

TURLOUGH: (MORE IMPATIENT STILL)  
Come on, then.

(TEGAN ABSORBED  
IN WHAT THE  
DOCTOR IS DOING)

TEGAN: In a minute.

THE DOCTOR: Ah!

TEGAN: (EAGERLY) What?

(THE DOCTOR  
EMERGES)

THE DOCTOR: Interesting!  
It isn't a leak.

TEGAN: It must be! We're losing power all the time!

THE DOCTOR: Our power's being tapped, somehow.

TEGAN: Tapped! What d'you mean?

THE DOCTOR: Just draining away. I don't understand.

(HE JUMPS TO HIS FEET AND STARTS FIDDLING WITH THE CONTROLS ON TOP OF THE CONSOLE.)

TEGAN LOOKS UP AT HIM IN BEWILDERMENT, THEN AT TURLOUGH)

TURLOUGH: (MUTTERS) He never does. (OUT LOUD) I'm sure it's something quite simple.

TEGAN: (BECOMING SUSPICIOUS) You're being very calm about it.

(SHE TURNS THE TORCH OFF AND PUTS IT DOWN.)

TURLOUGH SMILES AT HER PLEASANTLY. THEN NODS DOWN AT THE CHESS BOARD)

TURLOUGH: Your move.

(THE WORD SUDDENLY  
ECHOES, ALMOST  
AS THOUGH IT WAS  
IN SOMEONE'S HEAD,  
LOUD FIRST AND  
THEN DYING.

THE ECHO DISTORTS  
IT SO MUCH, IT  
COULD BE A  
DIFFERENT VOICE)

WHITE GUARDIAN: Move ...  
move ... move ...

(THE DOCTOR  
SWINGS ROUND,  
STARTLED)

THE DOCTOR: Did you say  
something?

(OBVIOUSLY HE IS  
THE ONLY ONE WHO  
HAS HEARD ANYTHING)

TURLOUGH: Just that it was  
Tegan's move.

THE DOCTOR: Oh.

(HE GOES BACK TO  
HIS REPAIRS)

(THINKING ALOUD) Ah ...  
That's it ... if I block  
outlet there ... then any  
second now ... we should  
have ... full power.

(AGAIN THE ECHO,  
CLEARLY IN THE  
DOCTOR'S HEAD)

WHITE GUARDIAN: Power ...  
power ... power.

(THE DOCTOR SHAKES  
HIS HEAD AND  
PRESSES HIS HANDS  
AGAINST HIS EARS)

TEGAN: What's the matter?

THE DOCTOR: (IMPERATIVE)  
Quick!

(THEY BOTH LOOK  
AT HIM IN SURPRISE)

(APOLOGETIC) I'm sorry.  
I'm trying to listen.

TEGAN: What to?

THE DOCTOR: I'm not quite  
sure.

(TEGAN AND TURLOUGH  
LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

TURLOUGH SHAKES  
HIS HEAD IN MOCK  
RESIGNATION

Must have been my imagination.

(THE LIGHTS BEGIN  
TO DIM AND  
BRIGHTEN, DIM  
AND BRIGHTEN AGAIN)

No!

(EVEN TURLOUGH  
LOOKS MOMENTARILY  
ALARMED)

TURLOUGH: There is something  
going on!

THE DOCTOR: (LOUD AND SUDDEN)  
That's it! Of course!

(THEY LOOK AT HIM  
IN SURPRISE)

(TRIUMPHANTLY) Message!

(THEY EXCHANGE A  
BEWILDERED GLANCE)

(DECISIVELY) Turn up the power.

TEGAN: Turn it up! We're  
supposed to be conserving it!

THE DOCTOR: Power -

(HE STARTS TO  
FIDDLE WITH  
SWITCHES ON THE  
CONSOLE.

THE ECHO AGAIN  
IN THE DOCTOR'S  
HEAD)

WHITE GUARDIAN: Here .... here ...

(THE ECHO MOVES  
TOWARDS A DOOR)

... here ...



THE DOCTOR: (TO TEGAN)  
Increase energy output. That  
lever -

(HE POINTS.

TEGAN OPERATES  
IT)

TEGAN: Are you sure everything  
is all right?

THE DOCTOR: Of course. Now  
keep it at full. Whatever  
happens -

(THE DOCTOR QUICKLY  
CROSSES TO THE  
CORRIDOR DOOR.

TEGAN AND TURLOUGH  
LOOK AT EACH OTHER)

TEGAN: (VERY WORRIED) If we  
keep it at full, we'll lose  
power completely ... I suppose  
the Doctor must know what  
he's doing.

(TURLOUGH PEERS  
TOWARDS THE  
DIM PASSAGE.

WE HEAR THE  
INDISTINCT VOICE  
OF THE DOCTOR  
MUTTERING)

TURLOUGH: (DRYLY) You think  
so. He's out there talking to  
himself.

2. INT. TARDIS PASSAGE. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
PEERING INTO THE  
GLOOM)

THE DOCTOR: We're giving you  
everything we've got. (STRAINING  
TO SEE) It is you, isn't it?

(THE WHITE GUARDIAN  
SUDDENLY GLIMMERS  
INTO VIEW JUST  
AHEAD OF HIM)

Yes! Good!

(THE WHITE GUARDIAN'S  
LIPS MOVE  
SOUNDLESSLY)

I can't hear you -

(THE WHITE GUARDIAN'S  
VOICE COMES AND  
GOES, AND HE STILL  
SHIMMERS IN AND OUT  
OCCASIONALLY)

WHITE GUARDIAN: ... power ...  
balance of power ... at risk ...  
extreme danger. (cont ...

(HE BLACKS OUT  
AGAIN AND WE HEAR  
HIS VOICE ECHOING  
INSIDE THE DOCTOR'S  
HEAD)

WHITE GUARDIAN: (cont) ...  
danger ... danger ... danger ...

THE DOCTOR: (SHOUTS) Keep  
that energy output going.

3. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

TURLOUGH: He's gone mad.  
What does he think he's doing?

(A THIN STREAM OF  
SMOKE DRIFTS  
UP FROM THE  
CONSOLE)

We're going to blow!

(TEGAN TAKES AN  
INVOLUNTARY STEP  
TOWARDS THE  
DOOR, THEN PAUSES.  
SHE CANNOT SEE THE  
DOCTOR IN THE  
CORRIDOR)

TEGAN: (CALLING APPREHENSIVELY)  
Doctor -

4. INT. TARDIS PASSAGE. DARK.

THE DOCTOR: (URGENTLY) Go  
on - go on -

WHITE GUARDIAN: (FAINTLY) ...  
galactic north six degrees ...  
nine ... zero.

(HE GLIMMERS OUT  
AGAIN)

TEGAN: (OOV) Doctor -

(THE DOCTOR,  
TERSEL, OVER  
HIS SHOULDER)

THE DOCTOR: Quiet - keep back.  
Stay in the console room.

(HE SWINGS BACK TO  
THE SPACE WHERE  
THE WHITE GUARDIAN  
SHOULD BE)

(PROMPTING URGENTLY) ... nine ...  
zero.

(THE WHITE GUARDIAN  
GLIMMERS INTO VIEW,  
BUT FLICKERING AND  
FITFUL)

WHITE GUARDIAN: ... seven ...  
seven ... go immediately ...  
must not allow ...

THE DOCTOR: What? Not allow  
what?

(THE WHITE GUARDIAN'S  
LIPS MOVE SOUNDLESSLY)

WHITE GUARDIAN: ... Prevent ...  
the sign of death.

(HE IS FAINTER  
STILL AND NOW  
WE ONLY HEAR  
THE ECHO IN THE  
DOCTOR'S HEAD)

WHITE GUARDIAN'S VOICE: ...  
death ... death ... death ...

(THE SCENE FREEZES  
AS THE BLACK GUARDIAN  
APPEARS)

BLACK GUARDIAN: You  
cannot succeed. I control  
the game, the Doctor's destiny.  
And soon he will be dead!

(THE SCENE UNFREEZES  
AND THE WHITE AND  
BLACK GUARDIANS  
FADE)

THE LIGHTS COME  
ON AND THE PASSAGE  
IS AS BRIGHTLY LIT  
AS NORMAL.

THE DOCTOR QUICKLY  
MOVES BACK TO THE  
CONSOLE ROOM)

5. INT. CONSOLE ROOM.

(FULL LIGHTING  
SUDDENLY COMES ON.

TURLOUGH STANDS BY  
THE LEVER TEGAN  
WAS INSTRUCTED TO  
OPERATE.

TEGAN TURNS TO  
TURLOUGH AS THE  
LIGHTS COME ON)

TEGAN: What have you done?  
(REALISES) You've reduced  
the power.

(THE DOCTOR HURRIES  
IN FROM THE PASSAGE.

TURLOUGH UNEASY  
AND SLIGHTLY  
DEFENSIVE SUDDENLY)

TURLOUGH: We were about to  
blow up.

THE DOCTOR: (VERY ANGRY TO TURLOUGH)  
Never, ever touch the console  
again.

TURLOUGH: I was scared. I  
thought we were going to be killed.

THE DOCTOR: And thanks to you  
many others might die instead.

(THE DOCTOR CROSSES  
TO THE CONSOLE  
AND STARTS TO SET  
CO-ORDINATES.

TURLOUGH LOOKS  
SUITABLY HUMBLLED,  
BUT HIS EXPRESSION  
LACKS CONVICTION)

TEGAN: (URGENTLY) Who were  
you talking to?

THE DOCTOR: (BUSY WITH CO-  
ORDINATES) The white Guardian.

(TEGAN LOOKS  
PUZZLED.

TURLOUGH, ON THE  
OTHER HAND, LOOKS  
SUDDENLY ALARMED)

TEGAN: (CURIOUS) The White  
Guardian?

(TURLOUGH TURNS  
AWAY, A LOOK OF  
HORROR ON HIS FACE)

Who's he?

THE DOCTOR: I've no time to  
explain. These co-ordinates  
we've been given - (CONCENTRATING)  
- are exceptionally complex.

TEGAN: Where are we going?

THE DOCTOR: I've no idea. I  
lost contact before I could  
get more information.



(THE DOCTOR GLANCES  
AT TURLOUGH AND  
THEN TURNS BACK TO  
THE CO-ORDINATES)

TEGAN: (FRUSTRATED) Then  
what are we supposed to do when  
we get there?

THE DOCTOR: Prevent something  
happening. Something dangerous.

TEGAN: (EXPLOSIVELY) What?

(THE DOCTOR COMPLETES  
THE SETTING OF THE  
CO-ORDINATES)

(RESIGNED REALISATION) You  
don't know that, either.

THE DOCTOR: No. But when the  
White Guardian says there's  
danger, he is invariably right.

(SUDDENLY THE TARDIS  
LURCHES AND THE  
TRIO ARE THROWN  
ACROSS THE ROOM)

TEGAN: Now what's happening?

(THEY CLIMB TO  
THEIR FEET AND  
CROSS TO THE  
CONSOLE)

THE DOCTOR: Time over-ride.  
The locking must have been in  
the co-ordinates.

(LOOKS AT THE  
CONSOLE)

We're here.

5A. INT. HOLD OF STRIKER'S SHIP

ALL WE SEE IS  
SOMEWHERE DARK AND  
GLOOMY.

THE TARDIS MATERIALISES.

6. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR AND HIS  
COMPANIONS ARE  
LOOKING AT THE  
SCANNER-SCREEN.

TURLOUGH CONSULTING  
THE ATMOSPHERIC  
ANALYSER)

TURLOUGH: The air's breathable.

TEGAN: Are you going out  
there?

THE DOCTOR: I have to find out  
what it's all about. Turlough,  
get a couple of torches.

TEGAN: Make it three. I'm  
coming with you.

THE DOCTOR: I need you here.

(TURLOUGH GOES TO  
GET THE TORCHES)

TEGAN: Why does it have  
to be me?

THE DOCTOR: (GENTLY) The White  
Guardian may try to make contact  
again.

(TURLOUGH SUDDENLY,  
WITH AN ATTEMPT  
AT CASUALNESS)

TURLOUGH: I'll stay, if you like.

(THE DOCTOR IGNORES  
HIM AND LOOKS  
SERIOUSLY AT TEGAN  
AGAIN)

THE DOCTOR: I want someone here  
I can rely on. It's important.

TEGAN: Someone who doesn't run  
away.

TURLOUGH: I explained what  
happened on Terminus.

THE DOCTOR: Save the arguing  
until later.

TEGAN: What do I have to do?

THE DOCTOR: (POINTS) Operate  
that lever. His power's badly  
depleted. He's having to draw  
on ours to get through at all.

TEGAN: The power drain was the  
White Guardian?

THE DOCTOR: Exactly.

TEGAN: What did he say?

THE DOCTOR: Apart from the  
co-ordinate, I could understand  
very little.

TEGAN: Shouldn't you wait?  
He may try to make contact again.

THE DOCTOR: There may not be time.

TEGAN: But anything could be out there.

THE DOCTOR: I know. And going out is the only way I can learn what it is.

(TURLOUGH HANDS  
THE DOCTOR HIS  
TORCH)

(TO TURLOUGH) Are you ready?

(TURLOUGH NODS)

TEGAN: What if the White Guardian tells me something important?

THE DOCTOR: Thank him politely.

(OPERATES THE MAIN  
OPENING HANDLE)

We won't be long.

(THEY EXIT)

TEGAN: Good luck.

6A. INT. HOLD OF STRIKER'S SHIP

THE DOOR OF THE TARDIS  
OPENS.

THE DOCTOR COMES OUT,  
WARILY, FOLLOWED BY  
TURLOUGH WHO CLOSES THE  
DOOR.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS ROUND,  
SHINING HIS TORCH INTO  
THE BLACKNESS

TURLOUGH BENDS DOWN AND  
FEELS THE GROUND.

TURLOUGH: Wood. It's a floor.  
We're in a building.

THE THIN BEAM OF THE  
DOCTOR'S TORCH ARCS ROUND  
THE BLACKNESS, BUT REVEALS  
ONLY EMPTY SPACE,  
THEY GO SLOWLY FORWARD,  
THE DOCTOR LEADING THE  
WAY.

HE STOPS SUDDENLY AND  
TURLOUGH ALMOST BUMPS  
INTO HIM.

THE DOCTOR: Careful.

THERE IS A SCRABBLING  
NOISE.

THE DOCTOR: (SOFTLY) Rats.

THE DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH  
WALK SLOWLY ON.

THE BEAM OF THE TORCH  
HITS SOMETHING AHEAD  
OF THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH.

CRATES AND BOXES  
PILED ON TOP OF  
EACH OTHER AND ROPED  
TOGETHER.

TURLOUGH: (PUZZLED) A warehouse?

THE FLOOR SEEMS TO  
MOVE UNDER THEIR  
FEET. THEY REEL  
LIGHTLY AND REGAIN  
THEIR BALANCE.

TURLOUGH IS ALARMED

BUT THE DOCTOR HAS  
SEEN SOMETHING ON THE  
FLOOR IN THE BEAM  
OF HIS TORCH, AND  
MOVES FORWARD TO  
EXAMINE IT.

TURLOUGH: Did you feel that!

THE GROUND TREMBLES  
UNDER THEIR FEET AGAIN,  
BUT THE DOCTOR IS  
BENDING DOWN TO  
WHATEVER HE HAS  
FOUND AND TAKES  
NO NOTICE.

TURLOUGH: (TENSE) Didn't you  
feel it? It was like an  
earthquake.

THE DOCTOR: (CALMLY) I don't  
think so. (cont...)

THE DOCTOR STRAIGHTENS UP  
WITH SOMETHING IN  
HIS HAND AND HOLDS IT  
OUT TO TURLOUGH.

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Look at this.

THE DOCTOR HOLDS  
A PIECE OF ROPE.

TURLOUGH: So?

THE DOCTOR: Look what's on it.

TURLOUGH DOES.

TURLOUGH: Tar?

THE DOCTOR: We're on board a  
ship. A sailing ship.

THE FLOOR MOVES AGAIN,  
AND, AGAIN THEY SWAY.

THE DOCTOR SHINING HIS  
TORCH AROUND.

THE DOCTOR: The hold, probably

SHINING IT ALONG  
THE WALL OF CRATES.

THE LINE OF CRATES  
COMES TO AN END,  
AND THE DOCTOR GOES  
TO PEER ROUND.

TURLOUGH: I thought there was  
supposed to be great danger?

THE DOCTOR: I didn't realise you  
were so keen to find it. (cont...)



BLACKNESS EXTENDS  
AGAIN AT THE OTHER :  
SIDE OF THE CRATES.

IN A VERY DIM LIGHT  
AT THE FAR END, WE  
CATCH A SUDDEN GLIMPSE  
OF A COMPANION LADDER.  
SOMEONE (THE FIRST  
OFFICER) COMES DOWN IT.

THE DOCTOR: (Cont.) (GRABBING  
TURLOUGH'S ARM) Quick! Get  
down.

HE PULLS TURLOUGH  
TO A SQUATTING POSITION  
BEHIND THE CRATES AND  
THEY TURN OFF THEIR  
TORCHES, PEERING THROUGH  
A CRACK BETWEEN TWO  
CRATES, THEY SEE A LIGHT  
APPROACHING,

A FIGURE COMES INTO  
VIEW CARRYING A SWINGING  
OIL LAMP. IT IS A SHIP(S  
OFFICER IN EDWARDIAN  
CLOTHING.

HE WALKS ALMOST AS  
THOUGH IN A TRANCE,  
WITH A STRANGE BLANK  
STARE, STRAIGHT TOWARDS  
THE CRATES.

THE DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH  
COWER FURTHER BACK.

THE OFFICER CHECKS  
THE CORDS HOLDING THE  
CRATES, AS AN AUTOMATON  
WOULD, THEN TURNS AND  
GOES BACK THE WAY HE  
HAS COME.

THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH LOOK AT  
EACH OTHER.

THE OFFICER IS NOW  
CLIMBING THE  
LADDER ONCE MORE.

TURLOUGH: (WHISPERING) What was all  
that about?

THE DOCTOR: Checking the cargo.

TURLOUGH: Did you see his  
expression?

THE DOCTOR: (NODS) Almost as  
though he was hypnotised.  
At least he didn't see the Tardis.  
(GETTING UP) Come on.

7. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(TEGAN CHECKS THE  
SCANNER.

STILL DARK.

SHE TURNS BACK TO  
THE CONSOLE. AS  
SHE DOES SOMETHING  
MOVES AT THE BOTTOM  
OF THE SCANNER  
SCREEN.

IT IS A PAIR OF  
HANDS.

THE IMAGE IS AS IF  
SOMEONE HAD WRAPPED  
THEIR HANDS AROUND  
THE LENS OF SCANNERS'  
CAMERA, I.E. THE  
FLASHING LIGHT ON  
THE ROOF OF THE  
TARDIS.

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS  
IN THE ROOM BEGIN TO  
DIM AND BRIGHTEN,  
DIM AND BRIGHTEN  
AGAIN)

TEGAN: The White Guardian!

(SHE RUSHES TO THE  
LEVER.

THE LIGHTS STAY DIM)

WHITE GUARDIAN: (VOICE ECHOING)  
More ... more ... more ...

(ABOVE THE HANDS  
AT THE WINDOW,  
A WHITE FACE  
APPEARS,  
DISTORTED IN  
THE WAY THAT  
FACES ARE WHEN  
PRESSED AGAINST  
GLASS)

8. INT. ALLEYWAY AT TOP OF COMPANION LADDER.

(THE DOCTOR HAS  
REACHED THE TOP  
AND TURLOUGH IS  
SCRAMBLING UP  
BEHIND HIM)

9. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE ROOM IS EVEN  
DIMMER AND SMOKE  
IS BEGINNING TO  
DRIFT FROM THE  
CONSOLE)

TEGAN: (FRANTIC) Come on,  
where are you?

(ECHO STARTS IN  
HER HEAD)

WHITE GUARDIAN: You ...  
you ... you.

(WE SEE THE PALE  
FACE ON THE  
SCANNER)

THE WHITE GUARDIAN  
BEGINS TO MATERIALISE  
FAINTLY AT THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THE CONSOLE)

TEGAN: Please hurry. Your  
demand for energy is causing  
an overload. Quickly, the  
message.

(THE WHITE GUARDIAN'S  
LIPS MOVE, SOUND-  
LESSLY AT FIRST.

THEN WE HEAR HIS  
VOICE)

WHITE GUARDIAN: Must not  
win. Tell the Doctor.  
Winner takes all ...

(HIS VOICE ECHOES  
IN TEGAN'S HEAD)

All ... all ...

(THERE IS A MUFFLED  
EXPLOSION FROM THE  
CONSOLE AND A SHOWER  
OF SPARKS.

THE WHITE GUARDIAN  
DISAPPEARS COMPLETELY.

ALL, BUT THE EMERGENCY  
LIGHTS AND SCANNER-  
SCREEN GO OUT)

TEGAN: Oh no!

(TEGAN PICKS UP THE  
TORCH SHE WAS USING  
IN SCENE ONE.

SHE THEN NOTICES THE  
FACE ON THE SCANNER-  
SCREEN. IT STARTLES  
HER, BUT SHE QUICKLY  
RECOVERS HER COMPOSURE)

Who are you? The White  
Guardian?

(THE FACE GIVES A  
SWEET SMILE)

Who are you? (cont ...)

(SUDDENLY THE OWNER OF  
THE SMILE SEEMS TO  
LOSE BALANCE, AND WITH  
A LOOK OF ANGUISH,  
THE FACE DISAPPEARS)

TEGAN: (cont) Oh no!

(SHE OPERATES  
THE MAIN DOOR  
OPENING HANDLE)



10. INT. ALLEYWAY AT TOP OF COMPANION LADDER.

TURLOUGH: Dead end?

(THE DOCTOR IS  
RUNNING HIS  
HANDS OVER AN  
APPARENTLY  
BLANK WALL IN  
FRONT OF HIM)

THE DOCTOR: No ... It's a  
door.

(HE LISTENS WITH  
HIS EAR TO THE  
WOOD)

Can't hear anything.

(LOOKING AT  
TURLOUGH)

Ready?

(TURLOUGH NODS.

THE DOCTOR OPENS  
THE DOOR.

THEY BOTH WALK  
THROUGH AND STOP  
DEAD)

11. INT. FOCSLE. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH STAND  
IN THE DOORWAY  
TAKEN ABACK  
COMPLETELY.

THE ROOM IS  
BUSY AND NOISY,  
THE AIR FULL OF  
TOBACCO SMOKE.

A GROUP OF MEN  
ARE PLAYING CARDS.

SOMEONE IS STRUMMING  
A BANJO.

ANOTHER MAN IS LYING  
ON HIS BUNK, DARNING  
A SOCK.

THEY GLANCE UP AT  
THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH)

THE DOCTOR: (RECOVERING  
HIMSELF) How do you do?

(HE SMILES AFFABLY.

SOME OF THE MEN NOD  
A RETURN GREETING,  
SOME DON'T.

ALL GO BACK TO  
THEIR OWN ACTIVITIES,  
AGAIN, IMMEDIATELY,  
AND TAKE NO NOTICE OF  
THE TWO NEW ARRIVALS.

THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH EXCHANGE  
A PUZZLED GLANCE)

TURLOUGH: Who are they?

THE DOCTOR: The crew.

11A. INT. HOLD OF STRIKER'S SHIP

OUTSIDE TARDIS

TEGAN STANDS OUTSIDE  
THE TARDIS, SHINING  
HER TORCH INTO THE  
GLOOM.

TEGAN: Where are you?  
Are you hurt?

CAUTIOUSLY SHE STARTS  
TO WALK AROUND THE  
TARDIS

12. INT. FOCSLE. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR QUICKLY  
SELECTS ONE OF THE  
BUNKS, STRIDES FORWARD,  
AND TESTS THE  
MATTRESS LIKE AN OLD  
HAND)

THE DOCTOR: Not bad.

TURLOUGH: (WHISPERS) Are  
you insane? Let's get out  
of here.

THE DOCTOR: Gently, Turlough.

TURLOUGH: (STRAINED WHISPER)  
Gently! What do you think  
you're doing?

THE DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) Behaving  
as though we've just joined  
the crew. (LOUDLY) This one'll  
do for me. You take the top.  
(cont ...)

(TURLOUGH GLARES AS  
THE DOCTOR IDLY  
PICKS UP A NEWSPAPER  
LYING ON THE TABLE.

HE THEN SITS ON THE  
BOTTOM BUNK AND OPENS  
THE PAPER SO THAT IT  
HIDES HIS FACE.

TURLOUGH SITS NEXT TO  
HIM.

THE DOCTOR, HIS EYE  
MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED  
BY THE HEADLINES)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) First  
British Submarin launched?  
We're in Edwardian England.

TURLOUGH: We're on Earth  
again!

THE DOCTOR: So it seems.

TURLOUGH: (INDICATING  
CREW) Why don't they say  
something?

THE DOCTOR: Sizing us up.  
A focsle's fairly cramped.  
It's important to know who  
your sharing it with. After  
all, we could be cooped up  
here together for months.

TURLOUGH: (STARTLED) You're not  
serious?

THE DOCTOR: If we were here  
for the trip.

(THEY BOTH PEER OVER  
THE TOP OF THE PAPER)

TURLOUGH: Shouldn't we get  
back to the Tardis while  
there's still a chance?

THE DOCTOR: I must find out  
why the White Guardian wanted  
me to come here.

- . -

TURLOUGH: It was a mistake.

(INDICATES CREW)

They may be a rough lot, but  
they hardly threaten the peace  
and harmony of the Universe.  
(FORCEFULLY) Do they?

THE DOCTOR: We stay.

(HE GLANCES ROUND  
THE FOCSLE, FROM  
ONE TOUGH FACE TO  
ANOTHER, ALL  
COVERTLY OBSERVING  
THEM)

12A. INT. HOLD STRIKER'S SHIP.

TEGAN HAS REACHED THE CRATES AND IS SHINING HER TORCH ALONG THEM.

THERE IS A SCRABBLING NOISE FROM SOMEWHERE BEHIND HER, THE WAY SHE HAS COME.

THE BEAM FROM THE TORCH BECOMES STATIONARY AS IT PICKS OUT THE WORD "STRIKER" ON ONE OF THE CRATES.

BEHIND HER SOMEWHERE FLOORBOARDS SQUEAK AS THOUGH SOMEONE ELSE HAD TAKEN A FEW STEPS.

TEGAN FREEZES.

TEGAN: Where are you?

SHE WALKS ON TO THE END OF THE LINE OF CRATES AND THEN STOPS.

BEHIND HER, LIKE AN ECHO, SOMEONE ELSE'S FOOTSTEPS.

THE CLINK OF METAL.

SILENCE.

QUICKLY TEGAN SWITCHES OFF HER TORCH, SLIPS ROUND THE CRATES, AND CROUCHES DOWN BEHIND ONE.



13. INT. FOCSLE. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH STILL  
HAVE THE NEWS-  
PAPER UP IN FRONT  
OF THEM.

SLOWLY, THE DOCTOR  
LOWERS THE PAPER.  
IN FRONT OF THEM  
STANDS ONE OF THE  
CARD PLAYERS, A  
BIG BURLY MAN)

JACKSON: Got your gear  
stowed?

THE DOCTOR: Yes thanks.

JACKSON: The name's  
Jackson.

THE DOCTOR: (INDICATING HIS  
COMPANION) Turlough -

(TURLOUGH AND JACKSON  
NOD AT EACH OTHER)

And I'm the Doctor.

JACKSON: You are, are you?  
About time! (OVER HIS  
SHOULDER) He's here, lads.  
The Doctor's aboard.

(SUDDENLY MORE  
URGENT)

THE DOCTOR: You've been  
expecting me?

JACKSON: More than expecting  
you, Slush. We've been  
waiting for you.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH LOOK  
AT EACH OTHER,  
WARILY AND SLOWLY  
GET TO THEIR FEET)

13A. INT. HOLD. STRIKER'S SHIP

TEGAN IS STILL  
CROUCHED BEHIND THE  
CRATE, HER FACE  
TENSE IN THE GLOOM

SLITHERING HALTING  
STEPS PASS ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF THE  
CRATES.

THEY PAUSE AND  
THEN GO ON THEIR WAY

14. INT. FOCSLE. DARK.

(AS BEFORE)

JACKSON: Where've you been,  
eh? We've had nothing but  
hard tack since we came  
aboard, have we lads?

(A CHORUS OF  
AGREEMENT)

Proper food, that's what we  
want.

(ANOTHER MAN CALLS  
OUT, FROM THE CARD  
PLAYERS)

COLLIER: None of your stinking  
greasy messes!

JACKSON: Not like the last  
cook we sailed with!

(HE TURNS AWAY IN  
DISGUST AND SPITS)

THE DOCTOR: (ALMOST TO  
HIMSELF) The doctor ... Of  
course, the ship's cook!

(GRINNING AT  
TURLOUGH)

It's slang.

14A. INT. HOLD OF STRIKER'S SHIP

TEGAN IS CROUCHED BEHIND  
HER CRATE IN THE GLOOM,  
LISTENING.

THE FOOTSTEPS IN THE  
DISTANCE NOW CLINK ON  
METAL.

THERE IS A GRATING  
NOISE, AND A DIM SHAFT  
OF LIGHT AS THE HATCH  
IS RAISED.

FEET ARE DISAPPEARING  
UP THE COMPANION LADDER,  
THE HATCH IS LEFT OPEN.

SILENCE.

TEGAN SIGHS WITH RELIEF  
AND SWITCHES HER TORCH  
ON ONCE MORE.

SHE IS ABOUT TO GET UP,  
BUT FREEZES IN HORROR.  
THE TORCH BEAM SHINES  
ONTO A PAIR OF FEET IN  
POLISHED BOOTS, STANDING  
DIRECTLY NEXT TO HER.

SHE SHINES HER TORCH  
GRADUALLY UP A FIGURE  
IN THE UNIFORM OF AN  
EDWARDIAN SHIP'S OFFICER.  
THE BEAM COMES TO REST  
ON THE FACE, SLIGHTLY  
AVERTED. IT IS THAT OF  
AN EXTREMELY GOOD-LOOKING  
YOUNG MAN.

TEGAN: (TENTATIVELY) Hello.

THE OFFICER TAKES A  
QUICK STEP FORWARD  
SO THAT TEGAN IS  
TRAPPED BETWEEN HIM  
AND THE PILE OF CRATES.

THE OFFICER SMILES  
WITH GREAT CHARM.

MARRINER: Fascinating.

TEGAN: (TENSE) What?

MARRINER: Who are you?

MARRINER: A stowaway?

TEGAN: (APPREHENSIVE) No -  
I can explain -

MARRINER: (FIRMLY) Yes.  
You're a stowaway. And I  
should put you in irons.

HE STRETCHES OUT HIS  
HANDS TO HER, BUT  
SHE DUCKS UNDER HIS  
ARM, RUNS ROUND THE  
OTHER SIDE OF THE  
BOXES, AND TURNS OFF  
THE TORCH.

MARRINER: (O.O.V.) Where  
are you?

14B. INT. FOCSLE. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR STEPS  
FORWARD AND DROPS  
THE NEWSPAPER BACK  
ON THE TABLE,  
CATCHING JACKSON'S  
EYE)

THE DOCTOR: (PLEASANTLY)  
Yours?

JACKSON: Tired of reading  
it. Have it. It's two  
days old.

COLLIER: How's the world  
up top?

THE DOCTOR: Have you been  
below decks for two days?

JACKSON: Battened under  
hatches since we came  
aboard.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH EXCHANGE  
LOOKS)

(THAWING SLIGHTLY) Come and  
meet the lads -

(THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH LOOK  
AT THE CARD  
PLAYERS)

14C. INT. HOLD OF STRIKER'S SHIP.

TEGAN IS CREEPING DOWN  
THE LINE OF CRATES IN  
THE GLOOM. SHE PEERS  
BETWEEN THEM, AND LOOKS  
LINGINGLY AT THE  
COMPANION LADDER AND  
THE DIM LIGHT FROM THE  
COMPANIONWAY ABOVE.

MARRINER: (O.O.V.) Where are  
you?

TEGAN SLOWLY CREEPS ON  
TO THE END OF THE CRATES.  
AS SHE ROUNDS THEM, SHE  
BUMPS INTO AN IMMOBILE  
FIGURE.

SHE RECOILS.

THE FIGURE TURNS ITS HEAD  
SLOWLY, AND AS THE LIGHT  
FROM THE COMPANIONWAY  
FALLS ON THE FACE, WE  
SEE THAT IT IS THE FIRST  
OFFICER.

HE BLINKS INTO LIFE AND  
STRETCHES OUT HIS ARMS.  
BUT TEGAN IS READY FOR HIM.

SHE SIDE-STEPS, SWINGS THE  
TORCH AGAINST THE BACK OF  
HIS HEAD, AND MAKES A DASH  
FOR THE LADDER. SHE REACHES  
IT AND LOOKS BACK. NO SIGN  
OF PURSUIT.

SLOWLY AND CAUTIOUSLY SHE  
STARTS TO CLIMB.



15. INT. FOCSLE. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH HAVE  
JOINED THE CARD  
PLAYERS AND ARE  
BEING INTRODUCED)

JACKSON: Farley - Wade - and  
this is Collier -

THE DOCTOR: How do you do?  
Did you all come aboard at  
the same time?

COLLIER: (HESITANT) Don't  
know. Why do you ask?

(THEY LOOK AT EACH  
OTHER UNCERTAINLY)

THE DOCTOR: Curious.

COLLIER: The truth of the  
matter is we don't rightly  
remember. Probably drank  
too much.

THE DOCTOR: Celebrating your  
last night ashore?

(COLLIER, JERKING HIS  
HEAD AT JACKSON)

COLLIER: But he don't drink.

JACKSON: Signed the pledge,  
and haven't touched a drop  
since. (UNEASILY) And I  
don't remember nothing, neither.

THE DOCTOR: (SLOWLY) You're  
sure? Not one of you remembers  
coming aboard?

(THE GROUP MUTTERS

COLLIER: Blank. The whole  
thing.

16. INT. COMPANIONWAY. DARK.

(TEGAN'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS APPEAR UP THE COMPANION LADDER. SHE LOOKS CAUTIOUSLY TO THE LEFT. A DIMLY LIT ALLEYWAY. EMPTY. SHE LOOKS TO THE RIGHT AND SEES A FAMILIAR PAIR OF POLISHED BOOTS.

MARRINER IS LOOKING DOWN AT HER, SMILING.

SHE GLANCES DOWN, READY TO DESCEND AGAIN QUICKLY.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER STANDS THE FIRST OFFICER.

MARRINER, STRETCHING OUT A HAND TO HELP HER UP)

MARRINER: Allow me?

(TEGAN IS TERRIFIED)

TEGAN: That isn't possible.  
Who are you?

17. INT. FOCSLE. DARK.

(AS BEFORE)

THE DOCTOR: Surely you must find it rather strange that none of you can recall signing on?

COLLIER: We remember that, all right.

THE DOCTOR: (EXPECTANTLY)  
Ah -

JACKSON: Signed on aboard, didn't we, lads?

(THE CREW NOD AND  
SMILE PLEASED  
THEY CAN REMEMBER  
SOMETHING)

COLLIER: And got a month's wages in advance. Wouldn't be likely to forget that, now, would we?

JACKSON: I'll say one thing for the Captain, he's not mean.

COLLIER: Well, he stands to make a packet, I daresay if we win.

TURLOUGH: Win what?

(THEY LOOK AT HIM  
IN SURPRISE)

JACKSON: The race, lad. The race.

18. INT. COMPANIONWAY. DARK.

(TEGAN STANDS AT  
THE TOP OF THE  
LADDER, TENSE AND  
CONTROLLED.

MARRINER HAS HER  
FIRMLY BY THE ARM,  
AND LOOKS AT HER  
WITH INTEREST)

MARRINER: Why are you  
frightened? I'm not going  
to hurt you.

(TEGAN ISN'T ALL  
THAT SURE)

I want to please you. Would you  
like me to find your friends  
for you?

TEGAN: (WARILY) What friends?

MARRINER: The two you're  
looking for.

TEGAN: (ALARMED) What  
have you done with them?

MARRINER: Nothing. I  
haven't met them yet. I'll  
take you to them, if that's  
what you'd like.

TEGAN: (PUZZLED BY HIM) Yes -  
that's what I'd like.

MARRINER: This way - (cont ...)

(MARRINER STARTS  
ALONG THE  
COMPANIONWAY, THEN  
LOOKS BACK TO MAKE  
SURE SHE IS  
FOLLOWING HIM.

TEGAN STANDS LOOKING  
AFTER HIM, UNABLE  
TO MAKE HIM OUT)

MARRINER: (cont) (WINNINGLY)  
Please?

(TEGAN GOES FORWARD,  
AND THEY WALK ALONG  
THE COMPANIONWAY  
TOGETHER)

(AS THEY WALK) You won't try  
to run away again, will you?  
Please. You see ...

(HE STOPS AND LOOKS  
AT HER EARNESTLY)

I find you fascinating ...  
quite fascinating.

(HE WALKS ON AGAIN.

C.U. TEGAN, AMAZED)

19. INT. FOSCLE. DARK.

(AS BEFORE)

COLLIER: (LAUGHS) If  
you've never raced lad,  
you got a treat in store.

(CREW MEMBERS  
LAUGH)

Ask any man here. The first  
few days will not be fun.  
Especially when you have to  
go aloft.

(THE CREWS LAUGHTER  
HAS BECOME SLIGHTLY  
MANIC. THE FUN HAS  
GONE OUT OF IT.

TURLOUGH LAUGHS ALONG  
WITH THEM, BUT IT IS  
OBVIOUS HE ISN'T  
HAPPY.

THE DOOR AT THE END  
OF THE FOSCLE OPENS  
AND ALL HEADS TURN,  
THE LAUGHTER DYING  
AWAY.

AN OFFICER STANDS  
THERE. HE POINTS  
AT THE DOCTOR AND  
BECKONS PEREMPTORILY)

JACKSON: (QUIETLY) Looks  
like you're wanted.

(THE DOCTOR GETS  
SLOWLY TO HIS  
FEET.

TURLOUGH IS ABOUT  
TO RISE, BUT THE  
DOCTOR FIRMLY AND  
QUIETLY PRESSES  
HIM BACK INTO HIS  
SEAT)

THE DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) You  
know where the Tardis is if  
things get difficult.

(THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS  
THE OFFICER OUT.

THE CREW TURN  
TOWARDS TURLOUGH)

TURLOUGH: Where they've  
taken him?

COLLIER: Poop quarters.

JACKSON: First mate wanted  
to see him, I daresay.

COLLIER: Maybe the Captain  
even.

JACKSON: Living like lords,  
they are, back there. Every  
luxury.

COLLIER: While we make do  
with salt junk and hard  
tack.

TURLOUGH: He'll be all  
right?

JACKSON: Who can tell.



20. INT. STATEROOM. DARK.

(A FORMALLY LAID  
DINNER TABLE, LIT  
BY CANDLES.

CHAMPAGNE ON ICE,  
ETC.

THE DOOR OPENS AND  
THE OFFICER SHOWS  
THE DOCTOR IN, THEN  
LEAVES WITHOUT A  
WORD.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
AFTER HIM IN SURPRISE,  
THEN TURNS TO SURVEY  
THE ROOM. IT IS  
EMPTY APART FROM  
TEGAN)

TEGAN: (STEPPING FORWARD)  
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: What are you  
doing here?

TEGAN: Don't ask. I was so  
stupid.

THE DOCTOR: You're unharmed?

(TEGAN NODS)

Did the White  
Guardian make contact  
again?

TEGAN: It was so confused.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me everything you can remember.

TEGAN: There's very little. He was insistant somebody or something must not win. "Tell the Doctor", he said. "Winner takes all."

THE DOCTOR: Is that it?

TEGAN: The console blew up. (DASHED) It's not much help, is it?

THE DOCTOR: You did your best.

TEGAN: But the message doesn't make sense. "Winner takes all?"

THE DOCTOR: It might, especially as we're on a racing yacht.

TEGAN: How do you know?

THE DOCTOR: We've been talking to the crew.

TEGAN: Well, I hope they're not as peculiar as the officers. The one I've met is very strange.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
TEGAN TURN AS THE  
DOOR OPENS.

A TALL DISTINGUISHED  
FIGURE COVERED IN  
GOLD BRAID IS  
FRAMED IN IT.

THE FIGURE STANDS  
MOTIONLESS AND  
EXPRESSIONLESS FOR  
A SECOND, LIKE A  
WAXWORK.

BEHIND HIM ARE TWO  
OFFICERS IN A  
SIMILAR STATE OF  
BEING.

THE FIGURE SUDDENLY  
CLICKS INTO ACTION  
AND STEPS FORWARD  
WITH A COURTLY BOW.

THE OFFICERS FOLLOW)

STRIKER: Welcome aboard.  
Delighted you could join  
us. Captain Striker, at  
your service.

THE DOCTOR: How d'you do?  
I'm -

STRIKER: (CUTTING IN)  
The Doctor - and Miss  
Tegan, I believe. Allow  
me to present my officers.

(SILENTLY, EACH  
OFFICER SALUTES)

21. INT. FOCSLE. DARK.

(AS BEFORE)

JACKSON: They're a funny lot, if you ask me.

COLLIER: The after guard always are.

TURLOUGH: What d'you mean "funny?"

JACKSON: Keep themselves to themselves.

COLLIER: Nobody's hardly set eyes on the captain yet, not even the bosun.

JACKSON: He's right. Gets most of his orders from the First Mate.

COLLIER: It was the First Mate when we signed on. Remember?

(JACKSON AND THE  
OTHERS NOD)

TURLOUGH: Did he say where this ship's going?

COLLIER: Don't remember.

JACKSON: We're here for the race. That's all that matters.

TURLOUGH: But where are  
we racing to? Where's the  
Finish?

(THERE IS A SUDDEN  
GRINDING JOLT.

JACKSON LOOKS UP.

THE OIL LAMPS  
HANGING FROM THE  
CEILING ARE  
SWAYING FROM  
SIDE TO SIDE.

THE BOSUN'S  
PIPE IS HEARD  
IN THE DISTANCE.

IMMEDIATELY ALL  
IS CONFIDENCE  
AND ACTION AGAIN)

JACKSON: You'll find out  
soon enough. Here she  
blows. This is what we've  
been waiting for. The wind.

(THERE IS ANOTHER  
VIOLENT MOVEMENT  
FROM THE SHIP)

22. INT. STATEROOM. DARK.

(THE SAME SHIP'S  
MOVEMENT HAS  
DISTURBED THE  
TABLE HERE.

THE DOCTOR, TEGAN,  
STRIKER AND TWO  
OFFICERS ARE SEATED  
AT TABLE.

THE WINE IN THE  
GLASSES IS SWISHING  
FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

ONE FALLS OVER, AND  
THE WINE SPILLS.

THE DOCTOR PUTS A  
HAND OUT TO STEADY  
HIS).

TEGAN: (QUIETLY TO THE  
DOCTOR) I hope it's not  
going to be too rough. I'm  
not a very good sailor.

THE DOCTOR: Brave heart,  
Tegan.

TEGAN: It's not my heart  
I'm worried about, Doctor.

(THE DOOR IS FLUNG  
OPEN AND MARRINER  
STANDS THERE.

THE BOSUN'S PIPE  
CAN BE HEARD  
OUTSIDE)

MARRINER: (ELATED) Breaking  
out the rum ration, sir

STRIKER: (INCISIVE) Good.

(TURNING TO THE  
DOCTOR AND TEGAN)

My First Mate, Mr. Marriner.  
You've met, I believe, Miss  
Tegan.

(MARRINER SMILES  
AT HER)

The Doctor -

(MARRINER SALUTES)

Mr. Marriner is my right-  
hand man. He deals with the  
crew. (TO MARRINER)  
Everything in order?

MARRINER: Yes, sir. They're  
being prepared.

(THE BOAT SHUDDERS  
AGAIN, AND STRIKER  
AND THE OFFICERS  
SUDDENLY SPRING TO  
THEIR FEET, LEAVING  
THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN  
SITTING IN BEWILDERMENT)

STRIKER: I must apologise -  
for this rather abrupt end to  
dinner. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN  
START TO GET TO THEIR  
FEET.

THE BOAT LURCHES MORE  
VIOLENTLY STILL, AND  
SEVERAL GLASSES FALL)

STRIKER: (cont) Look to the  
lady, Mr. Marriner -

(HE HURRIES FROM THE  
ROOM, FOLLOWED BY HIS  
OFFICERS, AS MARRINER  
OFFERS TEGAN HIS ARM.

TEGAN: Where are we going?

MARRINER: To the wheelhouse.

(AS TEGAN IS HURRIED  
THROUGH THE DOOR SHE  
LOOKS BACK)

TEGAN: Doctor -

(THEN SHE IS WHISKED  
OUT OF SIGHT.

THE DOCTOR STRUGGLES  
UP FROM HIS CHAIR,  
INTO WHICH HE HAD  
CRASHED AT THE  
LAST PITCHING OF  
THE SHIP, AND MAKES  
FOR THE DOOR)



23. INT. FOCSLE. DAY.

(THE DOOR IS OPEN  
AND THE CREW POUR  
THROUGH IT.

TURLOUGH IS  
BEWILDERED, AND  
GRABS COLLIER'S  
ARM AS HE PASSES)

TURLOUGH: What's going on?

COLLIER: Grog ration -

(THEN HE IS GONE  
AND TURLOUGH IS  
LEFT ALONE IN  
THE EMPTY FOCSLE,  
LOOKING AT THE  
DARNED SOCK, THE  
CARDS, THROWN  
DOWN AND LEFT.

A SECOND LATER  
JACKSON IS BACK)

JACKSON: Come on, lad!

TURLOUGH: Where?

JACKSON: Up aloft.

(THEY EXIT ON THE RUN)

24. INT. ALLEYWAY BELOW DECKS. DARK.

(THE BOAT IS NOW  
PITCHING AND  
TOSSING, AS WE  
CAN SEE FROM THE  
WAY THE DOCTOR  
IS WALKING.

HE IS MOVING TOWARDS  
ANOTHER COMPANION  
LADDER GOING UP TO  
THE DECK ABOVE.

THE DOCTOR FLATTENS  
HIMSELF AGAINST THE  
WALL BY THE LADDER  
AS SEVERAL SAILORS  
DASH PAST.

THEY SHIN UP THE LADDER,  
ONE AFTER THE OTHER.

TWO MORE MEN RUN  
ALONG THE ALLEYWAY.

THEY ARE TURLOUGH  
AND JACKSON.

TURLOUGH STOPS NEXT  
TO THE DOCTOR.

JACKSON MOUNTS THE  
LADDER AND STARTS  
TO CLIMB)

JACKSON: (OVER HIS SHOULDER)  
Come on, lad.

TURLOUGH: A moment.

(JACKSON CLIMBS OUT  
OF SIGHT)

THE DOCTOR: Not going with them?

TURLOUGH: No thanks! They're going aloft. The rigging is no place for a coward like me.

(THE DOCTOR MOVES OFF)

(CATCHING HIM UP) Now where?

THE DOCTOR: (STRIDING ALONG)  
To find Tegan ... if your courage is up to it.

TURLOUGH: She's here?

THE DOCTOR: On her way to the wheelhouse. And don't ask me why she left the Tardis. Did you manage to find anything out about the race?

TURLOUGH: The crew don't know anything. Can't we go back to the Tardis?

THE DOCTOR: When we've found Tegan ...

(AT THAT MOMENT, A  
BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM  
RIVETS THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH TO THE SPOT.

IT IS A MAN IN MORTAL  
TERROR)

25. INT. ALLEYWAY WITH COMPANION LADDER.  
DARK.

(THE SAME SCREAMING.)

TEGAN STEPS OFF  
THE TOP RUNG OF  
THE LADDER AIDED  
BY MARRINER)

TEGAN: (TENSE) What was that?

MARRINER: (PLEASANTLY) One of  
the crew - going aloft. It  
sometimes affects them that  
way. Especially when it's his  
first time.

TEGAN: The first time! You  
mean you're sending a completely  
inexperienced crewman aloft -  
in a race!

MARRINER: They soon get used  
to it.

(HE MOVES ON  
AGAIN)

TEGAN: (CATCHING UP WITH HIM)  
Now wait a minute - (cont ...)

(TEGAN'S EYE IS  
SUDDENLY CAUGHT  
BY WHAT THEY ARE  
COMING TO - A  
ROW OF WET SUITS  
HANGING ON PEGS  
ALONG THE SIDE  
OF THE CORRIDOR.)

THERE ARE SHELVES  
BELOW WITH OTHER  
GEAR WE DON'T  
SEE PROPERLY.

TEGAN, IN QUITE  
A DIFFERENT VOICE.

SHE GOES QUICKLY  
TO EXAMINE THE  
SUITS)

TEGAN: (cont) Wet-suits!

(SHE TURNS TO FACE  
MARRINER IN  
AMAZEMENT)

What are wet-suits doing on  
an Edwardian sailing ship?

(WITHOUT A WORD,  
MARRINER TAKES  
HER BY THE ARM  
AND OPENS THE  
WHEELHOUSE DOOR.

THEY ENTER)

26. INT. WHEELHOUSE. DARK.

(TEGAN AND MARRINER  
ENTER.)

AT THE FAR END  
IS THE HELMSMAN  
AT THE WHEEL.

STRIKER STANDS  
BESIDE HIM.

THE WHOLE PLACE  
SEEMS TO BE  
GLASSED IN AND  
IT IS DARK OUTSIDE)

TEGAN: It's so dark.

MARRINER: Isn't it always  
dark?

TEGAN: It's that I expected  
it to be daytime.

STRIKER: Mr. Mate -

MARRINER: Excuse me -

(THE DOCTOR AND  
TURLOUGH ENTER  
AND IMMEDIATELY  
CROSS TO TEGAN)

THE DOCTOR: (URGENTLY) Are  
you all right?

TEGAN: (HISSING QUICKLY) Of  
course. Did you see what  
was in one of the companionways.

TURLOUGH: What?

TEGAN: Wet-suits. Under-water gear - like scuba divers wear. On an Edwardian ship!

(THE DOCTOR NOTICES  
SOME CHARTS ON A  
TABLE)

THE DOCTOR: This might tell us where we are.

(TURLOUGH, TEGAN  
AND THE DOCTOR  
EXAMINE THE CHARTS)

TURLOUGH: They don't make sense.

TEGAN: They look like the positions of marker buoys.

(THE DOCTOR, REALISING  
WHAT THEY ARE)

THE DOCTOR: They're considerably more than that.

STRIKER: (CALLING AUTHORITATIVELY)  
Mr. Mate - we'll look at our competitors, please.

(MARRINER PRESSES  
A LEVER.

A PANEL OPENS, TO  
REVEAL A BANK OF  
SWITCHES.

MARRINER OPERATES  
ONE.

SLOWLY AN ENORMOUS  
PANEL STARTS TO RISE)

TEGAN: Electronics! What's happening?

(THE PANEL HAS  
RISEN TO REVEAL  
A LARGE SCREEN.

ON IT WE CAN SEE  
AN EIGHTEENTH  
CENTURY SAILING  
SHIP)

THE DOCTOR: Look at the screen ...  
We're not on a yacht, but a  
ship ...



27. MODEL SHOT.

(A LINE OF  
FANTASTIC SAILING  
SHIPS IS MOVING  
FORWARD, TINY  
IN THE BLACKNESS  
OF SPACE)

THE DOCTOR: (V.O.) ... A  
space ship.

SUPOSE CAM

End  
Credits:

FADE OUT